

THE FAR EAST

ST. COLUMBAN'S

December, 1944



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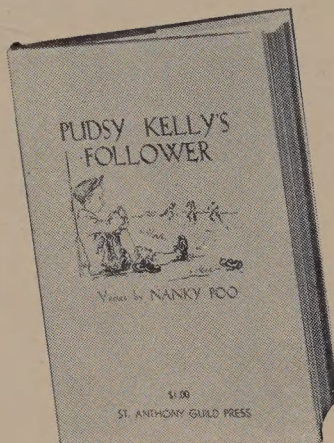
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The Scratch Pad

Dear Readers:

WE WISH YOU the graces and blessings of Christmas. May your heart and soul be filled with the spiritual gifts that the Divine Child brings.

This is the wish and prayer of **Father Paul Waldron**, superior of St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society, of which THE FAR EAST is the organ. He is voicing the wish and echoing the prayer of hundreds of missionaries of St. Columban in China, Burma, Korea, the Philippines, the United States, Ireland, Rome, Australia, New Zealand and in far-scattered camps and battle zones.



Father Waldron

From mission stations, seminaries, internment camps, army posts and from this editorial office they greet you and assure you of a remembrance at the altar of Christ's-Mass.

From their convent in Silver Creek, N. Y., and from China, the Philippines and Ireland, the **Missionary Sisters of St. Columban** likewise greet you. Their year-round prayers for their benefactors will be intensified during the hallowed Christmas season.



Father O'Brien

The seminary at Silver Creek, on the shores of Lake Erie, is the starting-point for the boy who later on rides through the rice-fields of China, opens up his Mass-kit in a Mindanao *barrio*—or anoints a dying doughboy in France. **Father John P. O'Brien**, rector of St. Columban's, Silver Creek, reports that he has more than sixty

boys in his preparatory seminary this year.

COVER PICTURES

From Francesco Margotti's beautiful picture, *Jesus Sleeps*, reproduced on page 2, we take part of our cover. The little Chinese boy is from a Fides photograph.

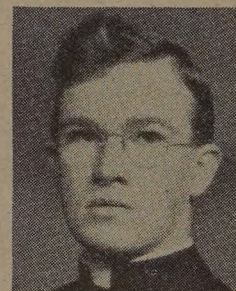
The picture on our back cover is from a prize-winning photograph by Alois Welzenbach of Peoria, Ill., to whom we are indebted for permission to use it.

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War fronts, jail, internment camps and far-flung country missions were the scenes of **Father Michael V. Scanlon's** experiences during seven crowded years in China. Into war-clouded days of mud and blood, of confusion and suffering, he packed a vast amount of missionary work, before he was repatriated on the Gripsholm a year ago. Father Scanlon's home is in Buffalo, N. Y.; he is an alumnus of the seminaries at Silver Creek and St. Columbans, Nebr.



Father Scanlon

*New every year,
New born and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a song,
The ages long, the ages long.*

From this stanza of Alice Meynell's great, simple Christmas poem, *Unto Us a Son Is Given*, Father DePersio, associate editor of THE FAR EAST, takes the title for his word-etching of Christmas in the missions.

Don't fail to clip our Service Edition—the GI FAR EAST—and mail it to the boy or girl in uniform. And let's hear their comments.

Say a prayer for the missions and missionaries after your Christmas Communion.

The Editor



ALINARI, ROME

Jesus Sleeps

From the painting by Francesco Margotti



The Night of Love

By the REV. JOHN HENAGHAN,
Missionary of St. Columban, Manila, P. I.

IT IS RELATED of the victims of the French Revolution in the Bastille that in the presence of a common doom, peasant and peer, simple and gentle left aside their differences; death made them all one family. In a far higher and more intimate sense are all men welded together, not so much by reason of a common origin and destiny, as by the light and hope that has come into the world through the Incarnation, and the consequent elevation of our nature in partaking, through union with Christ, of the very life of God Himself.

ADVENT is the special time of preparation for the great feast of Christmas, which is none other than the feast of the love of God—Infinite love expressing itself in the Body of the Child on Mary's knee. Bethlehem forever remains the great event in the history of the world, the centre of all man's hopes, the explanation of his destiny.

WHAT MEMORIES cluster around the name Bethlehem! The heart of man will always linger with love on the happenings of that night, when by one stroke God united all men as brothers around the manger. He became little, taking all fear out of our hearts, so that we might approach Him as children would, rid of shyness and dread. We cannot comprehend the splendors of "Him who thought it not robbery to be equal with God," but we can worship Him Who was born in a stable and linger round the crib of our Master.

WE SHOULD DWELL with love on all the details of that night and go over step by step the long, wearying journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem, as Joseph trudges along the rough mountain paths across the bare stony hills that led him to Bethlehem. It must have been a journey of five or six days. We can see them lagging behind in the crowd, and slowly ascending the climbing streets of the little town, but in the rush for shelter they were left behind. When Joseph stood at the door looking for shelter, all the places were filled and there was no room for them, poor folk in a strange town.

THEY STOOD without, asking for admittance, as they have been standing without, these many years, knocking at the hearts of men for welcome and for shelter. Yet, on that night, although bitter was its greeting for its God, the earth lost its strangeness and its bitterness. It ceased to be a prison because God was dwelling amongst men. They came to an open cave with a floor trampled by the hooves of cattle, where the only warmth was the sweet breath of the oxen, and the damp hay became the cradle of the Son of God.

WE, TOO, must take care not to let business, pleasure, anxieties crowd out Jesus from our souls and beware lest we say casually to Him: "Pass on, no room for you," and watch lest we ask Him to sit down beside such strange guests as we often entertain. Bethlehem has a lesson for the world.

THERE WAS only one creature free from guilt who gave God the welcome He deserved. She in the splendor of her soul towered far above us, and kept her soul for God. How calm she bore herself when Gabriel, messenger from the Court of Heaven, the first to adore "the Word made Flesh" stood before her with his message, and with a courtliness he had learned round the throne of God knelt before her and declared her "full of grace." Yet she belongs to us; she is one of us—she who is the Queen of Angels is also the Mother of Sinners. She can never forget all she suffered for us and she will help us now to a fuller understanding of Christmas. We need not journey far in quest of blessedness, for our happiness is brought to our very doors, when Mary brings us Jesus.

THIS LIFE of ours dragging itself amidst dreary surroundings, in the light of the love of Christ, has gained something of the freshness of the first days of creation and in His grace the soul rises up to find itself splendid with the glories of God. The Incarnation touches hidden springs, and makes each soul realize dimly the greatness that lies before it.

THE ANGELS bid us be glad and rejoice in our Saviour. We must leave this earth and all creation behind and come in thought into the presence of the majesty of God, the God from whom all things are, in whom all things live, to whom all things go. This Child in the manger is God's last word speaking to men. This is the great discovery of life. We are powerless and helpless and seek the way in vain, till we make Christ everything in our lives.

DOES GOD love me? This is the first question that breaks upon the mind of a child, and Bethlehem is the answer for each of us. No one can share our joys, our struggles or our sorrows, only Jesus. He is our greatest Friend, because He has loved us always from the beginning, because He can do all things. He came seeking us, as a shepherd would search the hills for a lost sheep. Our souls must be of wonderful value since He cares so much. In the presence of His stupendous love, my soul must act and set itself to understand, to thank, to adore, to reach up to His love, so eager is He, as if no humiliation could stop Him, as if He could never do enough. We must respond to His eagerness.

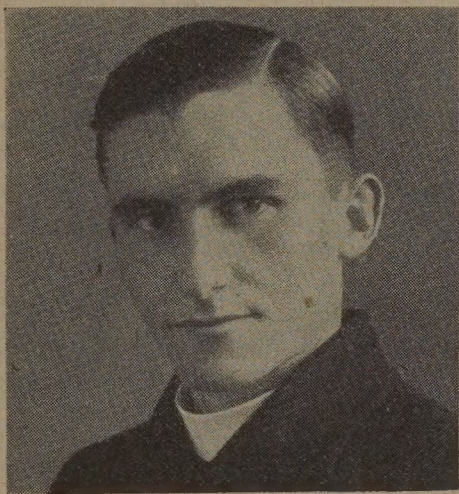
First St. Columban Chaplain Falls on the Western Front

Ordained Four Years, Missionary Priest Gives Life in France

Father Patrick J. McMahon is the first casualty among St. Columban's thirty-eight chaplains, meeting his death "somewhere in France" while attached to the British forces. Details of Father McMahon's death, which occurred in August, reached us only this month.

The following account was pieced together from information given by those who saw the chaplain die.

Some of his men were wounded and dying in front of his post. The fire was intense, and Father McMahon was warned that he would



Father Patrick J. McMahon

not have much chance of coming back if he went to their aid. When he insisted on going, he was given a jeep and he went forward alone to give the last rites of the Church to the dying men.

As he approached the general vicinity of the wounded soldiers, the jeep suffered a direct hit and immediately burst into flames. The burning figure of the chaplain was seen jumping from the jeep. He was able to extinguish the flames, but he lived for only a short while. When his body was found later, his ritual was grasped in one hand, while his head rested under the other in an attitude of prayer.

Father McMahon was born in Dundalk, Ireland, in 1916, and entered St. Columban's Seminary in Dalgan Park, Ireland, in 1934. He was ordained there for the missions in 1940 but was hindered by the war from traveling to the Far East.

You Can't Keep a Good Man Down

Father Charles Lardner, of St. Columban's missions, known to readers of THE FAR EAST as "the most popular man in Chefoo" (May, 1944), is fast making his bid for the same title in Shanghai.

In June, 1943, Father Lardner left the hospital at Chefoo and went to Shanghai to relieve the shortage of priests there. He was not entirely well, and within a year had to undergo an operation. It was an unqualified success and he was out of the hospital in a month. However, he is still under the doctor's care and has been told to remain "literally useless" for six months.

How useless Father Lardner is can be seen from this extract taken from a letter of Father W. S. McGoldrick, Director of St. Columban's in Shanghai and now interned there. He writes: "As you know, Father Lardner is with Father McWilliams and Father Collins at Christ the King parish. He is an excellent preacher and has made himself very popular."

Nancheng City Hit By Bubonic Plague

Bubonic plague has struck Nancheng City in Unoccupied China for the first time in the history of that city, and is causing much distress and havoc among the unfortunate inhabitants. Nancheng was burned to the ground by the Japanese in the summer of 1942 and was just getting back to normal when the plague made its appearance. In a letter dated September 12, Mother M. Michael reported that the situation was getting worse.

The local authorities have set up an isolation hospital for all victims in an effort to stem the disaster. "We are pretty well stocked with the necessary vaccines," writes Mother Michael, "and are giving all the cooperation we can. None of the cases were taken into our hospital; any suspect cases that come to the dispensary, we send to the isolation hospital. The Mandarin wrote a letter of appreciation to Bishop Cleary to thank him for the assistance given to the authorities by St. Columban's missionaries.

"We can now truly pray, 'From plague, famine and war, Lord, deliver us'."

★ IT'S FOR HIM ★

ARE YOU SENDING our special service edition to your favorite GI? It will be a regular feature of THE FAR EAST for the duration.

Schools Going Ahead, Report Shows

Heartening news that gives an assurance of the future of the Church in the Nancheng vicariate of China is contained in Bishop Cleary's report for the years 1943-44.

The seminary and schools, his report reads, remain open despite the many difficulties that have arisen from the war. At present there is an enrollment of 1,289 children in the primary schools and 38 in middle school. This shows an increase of 246 over last year's enrollment.

Although there has been an in-

crease in the number of students, there is a decrease among the teachers, which is understandable under the present conditions. The Bishop says that the schools are not as well staffed as they should be, but they can carry on. Some of the teachers who could remain at their posts have offered to go without their salary for the duration, if necessary.

The number of students in the preparatory seminary has remained the same as it was last year, 41. In the major seminary there is one student who is approaching the day of his ordination.

When I Look Back

Between Two Armies in Wartime China

By the REV. MICHAEL V. SCANLON

Missionary of St. Columban

MY FIRST AIR RAID was a terrifying affair, but still whenever I think of it, I smile. I remember the morning distinctly. I had been up to Hankow and returned late the previous evening and, as a result, was having a late breakfast. I was making fair progress with a bowl of cracked wheat, when my cook, Tung San, brought in a plate of fried eggs.

To appreciate what happened next, you must know that in Chinese, the words for bomb and a fried egg are much the same, the only difference being in the tone used. *Cha tan* pronounced in one tone is a bomb and *cha tan* pronounced with a slightly different tone is a fried egg.

SCRAMBLED

The cook was just in the act of placing the plate of eggs on the table, when there was an explosion in the vicinity. I jumped and exclaimed:

"Is that a *cha tan* (bomb)?"

Tung San looked at me with a strange glint in his eye:

"Of course it is. You eat *cha tan* (fried egg) every day."

The misunderstanding was so funny and so apt at the moment that it was all I could do to keep from laughing in the cook's face. But, even in China, you do not laugh at a good cook these days, unless you are prepared to do your own cooking. I wasn't. So instead, we went out to watch our first air raid.

● SEQUEL TO A FEAST ●

December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, was a long day and a hard one. Evening found me tired, very tired, but consoled in the fact that so many had come to the church to celebrate Our Lady's feast. The crowds were gone now, and I was left alone.

I had scarcely opened my Breviary, when I noticed a small procession making its way to the mission compound. Two men were carrying a bamboo bed, upon which lay an elderly woman, pain registered in her every feature. To my questions they replied that the woman had been shot and that the bullet was still in her shoulder. Could the *Sen-fu* do anything about it?

I looked at the wound. A machine-gun bullet had entered from the back and lodged high on her shoulder. She must have suffered terrible agony, while the



LOOKING BACK

Fifteen years ago Father Scanlon and Father W. G. Hennessey, now superior of St. Columban's in Mindanao, P. I., were fellow seminarians in St. Columbans, Nebr.

men were carrying her over the five miles of bad roads to reach the church.

EMERGENCY

What to do? There was no doctor available, and the woman was in great agony. One thing was certain: the bullet had to be removed as soon as possible, if the woman was to live. I came to a quick decision. I told the woman that, with her permission, I would try to remove the bullet. She agreed, and I began my preparations.

The only knife I had was the one I used to clean my pipe. Other than that the only instrument I had was a pair of forceps with the ends broken off. I boiled



... but consoled in the fact that so many had come to the church to celebrate Our Lady's feast.



Japanese troops in North China follow up a bombardment by Japanese planes.

these and then made the incision. Try as I might, I could not get a grip on the bullet, it was in too deep for the broken forceps to reach it.

My Chinese "boy," a full-grown man, was watching me. When he saw that I was making no headway, he asked me for the key to my bicycle tool-kit. He took out a pair of pliers and boiled them, as he had seen me boil the knife and forceps. He was able to get a firm grip on the bullet with the pliers. I talked to the woman to distract her attention as he gave the final tug. "*Ai-yah,*" was her only cry as the bullet came out in the teeth of the pliers.

A little lard and a bit of a sheet that had come in my last package from home made a comfortable bandage, and the operation was finished. The patient is alive and well today and no doubt tells of her operation with as much gusto as if it had been performed in a comfortable hospital.

● UNDER FIRE ●

My guest, Father Jim Collins, who was spending a few days with me at Hsin-Yuan-Tzu, came into my room this cold January morning to inquire about the terrible din that was shaking the village at such an early hour. I informed him that it was machine-gun fire and that he had better get accustomed to it, as he would be hearing it quite frequently. As yet the war had not reached his section of the country.

While Father Collins was saying Mass, I went out into the village to see just what was happening. I learned that the Japanese were about a mile away and were advancing rapidly. We were hurrying through our breakfast, when a man came running in search of the *Sen-fu*. Five men were dying at the village of Ta-To-Yuan about six miles away. I asked Father Collins to keep a watch on the compound as long as he could, and, with the holy oils in my pocket and my first aid kit strung across my back, I followed the man who had come for me.

Our road took us through the retreating Chinese army and along a line parallel to the one that the Japanese were taking in our direction. We did not see them, but at frequent intervals we could hear their machine guns on the opposite side of the dike.

My man led me to the house of a young lad of nineteen who had been wounded the night before. He was a civilian sentry and had been on duty the previous night with four others. When the Japanese approached, they were challenged by the youths. But the Japanese were too smart for the boys. They answered the challenge in Chinese, at which the sentries jumped to attention. Then the Japanese soldiers attacked them with bayonets, killing two and wounding the others. I counted eighteen stab wounds in the chest and neck of the boy I was attending. I baptized him and then tried to bind up some of his wounds. But it was no use—he died in my arms.

Hanging Out the Wash

Any Place Is Home to a Hungry Wandering Missionary

By the REV. MICHAEL MORAN,
Missionary of St. Columban

IT WAS on a wild blustering winter's day, with the North wind just released from school, that I blew into Mrs. Wee's.

I had been scampering over hill and dale, full of the joy of life, when suddenly something went wrong. My first symptoms were weakening legs, followed by a desire to rest under the nearest tree. I was out of luck . . . no trees. Furthermore the ground was wet, so I sat on a stone and began to diagnose my strange feelings.

Usually, when I feel ill, I visit the local practitioner. In more complicated cases, I send for my neighboring missionary, whose reputation as a "medicine man" is widespread. But these were now far away for I was a long distance from home, so I had to rely on myself. In a matter of minutes, I diagnosed my affliction as hunger, the common variety. The cure was easy—something to eat.

A FRIEND IN NEED

This time I was lucky. Not far away was a very good friend of mine, Mrs. Wee. On shaky limbs I made my way to her home. When I arrived, she was hanging out the wash, but she and the rest of the family were nevertheless profuse in their greetings. One of the marvels of this country is the ever-ready welcome that any family shows, no matter how unexpected a visitor may be. Every member of the family from the grand-dad down to the baby will sport his best smile, and buzz around you, dancing attendance, as though you were queen of the hive.

A FRIEND INDEED

In this case, the youngsters grabbed me by the hands, tugged me over to a chair beside a table and made me sit down. Mrs. Wee poured peanuts on the table from a can, stamped with the word TEXACO in large letters. I often wonder if it will ever be known whether tin cans or bamboo poles are put to greater diversity of uses by the Chinese. The variety of uses for each is legion, but since the Chinese actually eat bamboo

shoots and couldn't very well eat tin cans, even small ones, I suppose the bamboo has a slight edge.

Anyway, I went to work on the peanuts and when Mrs. Wee saw the uncommon vigor with which I was tunneling my way through her mountain of them, she expressed an opinion that I seemed to be hungry. To this view I weakly assented. Then she asked me if I would like something to eat, and again I weakly assented. Accordingly she immediately withdrew to the kitchen to prepare same; to this movement I gave my hearty approval.



The hospitable Chinese are always ready to welcome a visitor.

She had scarcely departed, when her youngsters began to eye me as though I were some unusual biological specimen. In their winter clothing they were padded from head to foot till nothing showed but their eyes.

I was wearing just an ordinary overcoat and they couldn't understand how it kept me warm. They came to the conclusion that I must be padded just like themselves and that if they did the proper amount of research they would soon discover the padding.

Wasting no time, they climbed up my legs onto the table and from there proceeded to swarm over me like an army of Lilliputians. They stuffed their grubby hands down my neck and up my sleeves, shouting the results of their research to their mother in the kitchen. I was practically vivisected, when the good woman appeared with a steaming plate of food. Squirming out from under the children, I dispatched the meal in good order, as the ever-curious youngsters looked on. They had finished their lunch just before my unannounced arrival.

Having put down the chopsticks after the last morsel was gone, I chatted with the family for a while, and soon the time came for me to leave. We parted with mutual feelings of regret—they that I must leave so soon for home and I that I was not there already. I swung down into the village and as I rounded a bend in the road, Mrs. Wee, her flock and her clothes line disappeared from view.



Photograph by James L. Callahan in Boston Globe

Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing, D.D., was installed by the Apostolic Delegate as sixth Archbishop of Boston on November 8, 1944.

SWORD UNSHEATHED

"Unparalleled Missionary Career" of Boston's New Archbishop Sets Tempo for Action.

IN ACCORD with what Bishop Keough of Providence, in a masterly sermon, called "his unparalleled missionary career" were Archbishop Cushing's pronouncements on the day of his Installation in Boston. These are excerpts:

The Master has set a new servant over His household. Here where others have builded and made strong and have stored the fruits of their toil, that new servant has his work to do. It is for him, for me, to kindle anew and to spread the blazing fire of supernatural life.

Only spirituality can work the miracle that can raise our self-slain world from its bloody grave.

With all our current Catholic activity, we have too little of Catholic living, knowing and loving first things first. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice." Not until a dynamic army of Catholics is actively engaged in an all-out pursuit of sanctity can we hope for progress.

Today, then, as the new servant set over this household of the Lord, I launch a program of spirituality, a program old as Christianity, old as the Law of Moses, yet fresh as a sword never before unsheathed.

(To his priests) Go forward, full speed ahead, reclaim the lost, strengthen the weak, mobilize the strong.

We are needed; not only by the sick and the afflicted but by those who bear the cross of normal living; the poor, those that work for their livelihood, whether in business or profession or on the farm, those also who are well supplied with earthly goods but have no Catholic understanding.

We do not intend to keep the gifts God gave us locked up in selfish hearts. Our flock includes every soul within the territory of the Archdiocese, even those who do not know the Shepherd. . . .

There are missionary bishops, priests and nuns throughout this country and in lands afar, who have always been able to depend on us for a helping hand; please God, they will now be helped with both hands. The past assistance, which we gave them in prayers and alms, was never a drain on our resources; on the contrary, it has been as bread cast upon the waters . . . We need not hesitate to be more generous than ever. Possibly some of us may be found worthy to serve in person with the missionaries, the flower of the priesthood.

Whatever the future may bring, we stand now at a threshold . . . Forward, then! Over the threshold and out with Christ on His divine mission! Forward in the strength of the Spirit, the Spirit Who giveth joy!

A Furlough in Heaven

How a Chinese Cavalry Officer Won His Heavenly Spurs

By SISTER M. CATHERINE LABOURÉ,
Sister of St. Columban

TWO CHINESE ARMY officers stepped out of the big car that drove up to our hospital gate in Nancheng, Unoccupied China. They walked through the gate and knocked at the door. At my response, the younger of the two said that he would like to engage a room. He was about thirty years old, a smart-looking officer with a service ribbon on his tunic. The spurs on his boots indicated that he was an officer in the cavalry. After the arrangements were made, he was admitted for treatment, and his companion left.

The doctors examined the officer carefully and pronounced his trouble as tuberculosis of the throat—a serious condition anywhere, but magnified here in war-time China with everything so hard to get, medical equipment and medicines included.

IMPATIENTLY PATRIOTIC

For more than two weeks, all available treatment was administered, and the patient seemed on the road to recovery. But he speedily became restless and asked to be discharged. He said that his sick-leave was up and that he felt duty-bound to return to his regiment. He knew as well as the doctors that he needed further medical treatment, if he were to be cured, but in the spirit of the time, he wanted to do his utmost to win the war. He was an impatient patient.

A few months later, our patient arrived at the hospital again, this time a very ill-looking man with a badly damaged throat. Again he engaged a room and once again medical skill did its utmost on what was now a seemingly hopeless case.

More noticeable than his physical change was the change in his attitude of mind towards us. During his first visit he had been an abrupt, aloof, military product. Now he was friendly, dependable and trustful.

THE DESIRE TO LEARN

Weeks of treatment, to which his general health responded well, did little for his throat. Even so, he again decided to leave, this time to go to his home.

"Do you know anything about God?" I asked him when he came to say good-by and to express his thanks.

Doctrine books had been placed in his room, but we had had no opening to ask him before.

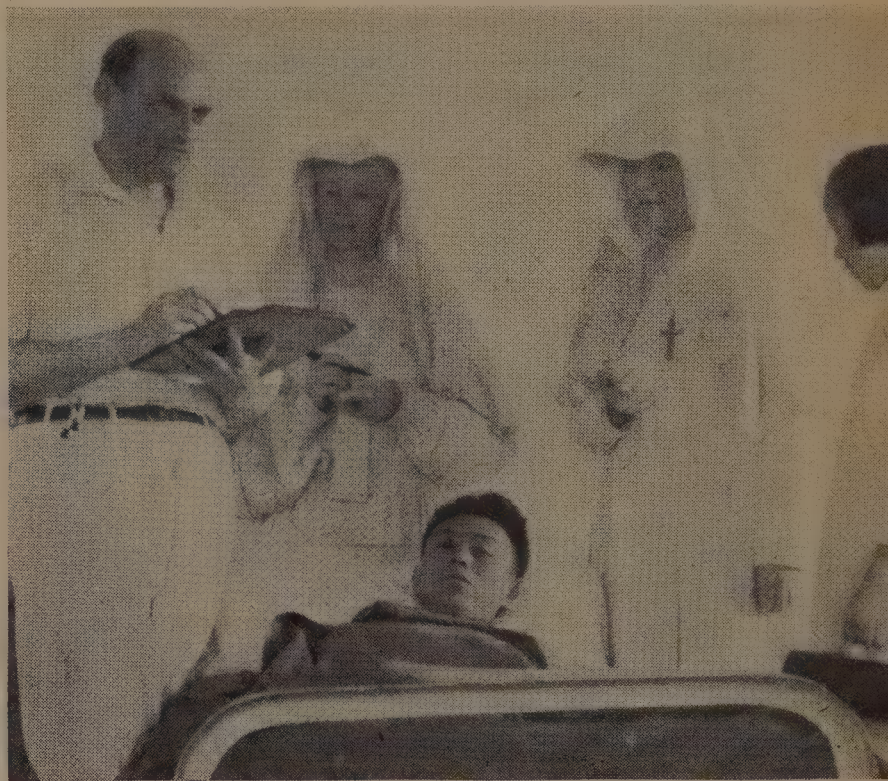
"Yes," he replied, "and I would like to know more. I was very interested in those books left in my room."

Father Ellis was summoned. In a few concise, momentous sentences he gave the officer an outline of Catholic beliefs. He also gave him some literature that he might study at home at his leisure. His young wife came to take him home, and they walked off, the officer resting on his wife's arm.

We heard no more of our patient until one scorching day in summer. I was hurrying along to dinner when I noticed a uniformed officer, accompanied by a servant,

sitting in the hospital vestibule. Something made me look a second time, whereupon the man spoke in a muffled voice. Immediately I recognized our hero. Back again! He had been taking his morning walk and, feeling faint, decided to rest for a while in the shade of the hospital.

He asked me for some stimulant to help him on his way. I saw at a glance that his days were numbered—a few at the most, I thought—and suggested that he spend the night at the hospital. Perhaps tomorrow he would be stronger. He accepted my offer willingly. At the time the hospital was filled and it was not desirable that he should be put in the public ward. Accordingly, we fixed up a bed for him in a passageway.



A twenty-four-hour day, with no over-time, at St. Columban's emergency hospital ■ Nancheng.

After he had been restored a little and made reasonably comfortable, he sent word that he would like to see the Father, now that he believed in God. Father Ellis came as quickly as he could, and spent the greater part of the day instructing him, patiently and eagerly watching for his nod of comprehension, as his voice had now become almost inaudible.

Towards evening, another officer who had heard of his condition, vacated his room for the dying man. Early morning again found Father Ellis at the bedside of the officer. The patient suffered greatly during the day, but he was quiet, and the peace of his countenance was ■ visible sign of the peace of his soul. He was baptized early in the evening with the name of John, and died ■ short time after.



Winter Beauty

near St. Columbans, Nebr., where seminarians prepare for the missionary priesthood.

In Our Mail

PLAYED BALL

Reading about St. Columban's brings a reminder that as a boy I was instructed for the sacraments of Communion and Confirmation by Father Galvin, who I heard later became a bishop in China. He was then a curate at Holy Rosary Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was a very kindly person, had a rich brogue and was a great ball player.

R. J. N., *Richmond Hill, N. Y.*

FORMER SEMINARIAN

(The writer of the following was a student in St. Columban's Seminary, when family needs forced him to withdraw and become a bread-winner. He is now on active service in France.)

The fortunes of the family have finally improved to enable me to repay a portion of the debt I feel I owe the Society. Please believe that I have not forgotten you.

Correspondence from here is difficult. The French climate is mostly wet, with the result that our equipment, including stationery, is likewise. Front-line duty also has a hampering effect. Being shot at is one of those things that I never get quite accustomed to.

Please ask the priests and students to pray for me. God knows we need extra help to do our duty in this hell that surrounds us day and night.

I am enclosing a money order for \$100.00 and hope to be able to send more soon. If there is any particular project for which you require financial help, please let me know and I'll see if I can help you out a little. I'd certainly be proud to donate something to the Society in thanks for all that God has done for me.

(Capt.) — — —, *France*

Editorial

PEACE PLAN

THAT WE MIGHT BE SAVED from our sins, God came on earth as our Redeemer. That we might have peace, He came as Prince of Peace.

Christmas must be two-fold—His coming and our welcome. To the extent that mankind receives Him, to that extent will mankind have peace. There is no Christmas where the doors are not open to Him; there is so little peace because so many doors are barred against Him. Even in the poorest heart, though it be as a stable, if it is open to Him, there is Christmas and there is peace.

Though the world be at war, this interior peace can reign in the heart. The kingdom of God is within you. When enough people have this interior peace with God, then the world will be no longer at war.

"Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth among men of good will!"

DUMBARTON ACORNS

NOW IS THE TIME to discuss the Dumbarton Oaks outline of a world organization to maintain peace and security. The God-given rights of millions of people are at stake. The freedom of Catholics in every continent is involved.

It is only common Catholic sense to approve of sincere efforts to organize nations for peace. The positive effort at Dumbarton Oaks deserves the praise of Catholics and also the cooperation of their constructive criticism.

One criticism must surely be this: before supreme international tribunals, whether styled court of justice or security council, be set up, basic human rights should be explicitly recognized and stated in some legal form. Above all, the rights of God must be recognized. Unless the Lord build this house, they labor in vain that build it. If an association of States is not juridical, it becomes only another power bloc.

It must be hard for a Pole or a Filipino, a Belgian or a Burmese, to refrain from a cynical smile when he reads that the five largest countries are to be permanent members of the all-powerful security council. This is like giving the heavy-weight pugilist two votes and the little man one or granting a permanent seat on the judges' bench to someone because he has a gun. Yet the organization is "based on the principle of sovereign equality" of States.

There is no provision for considering the grievances or safeguarding the rights of minorities. The Poles in territory annexed by the Soviets, or Irish Catholics in the occupied area of their partitioned island, or persecuted Jews under some racist tyranny, would cry out in vain to the tribunals of this "organization for peace and security."

The Soviet proposal that would allow a great power to sit in judgment on its own case and would require that power's consent for any unfavorable verdict is too ingenuous for serious consideration. It is to the credit of the other delegates that they have kept that out of the scheme.

On Christmas Eve, 1939, Pope Pius XII gave to rulers and peoples five fundamental points for a just peace: 1. every nation's right to life and independence; 2. disarmament; 3. juridical international institutions; 4. fairness to minorities and readiness to revise treaties, where necessary; 5. recognition of responsibility to Divine Law.

The Dumbarton acorns would really grow into oaks if they were on the good ground of these proposals.

Brothers Under the Skin

A Surprise Visit Boomeranged When Some Vincentians Went A-Calling

By the REV. GEORGE YAGER, C.M.

A WAR-REFUGEE in China, I had the experience of being welcomed by Irish St. Columban Fathers in a residence belonging to German Salvatorians. Just another of those strange-but-true incidents that show the universality of the Church. It happened in 1942.

I, along with three other American Vincentians, was advised to evacuate our mission station in China with the Chinese civilian population. We hastily packed our few belongings and started out on foot. During a seven-day tramp around and over towering mountains, we were never far from the Japanese army, and the Japanese air force was almost always overhead. Eventually we arrived in Kuang-tseh, a town in western Fukien province, where we knew the German Salvatorians were stationed.

UNEXPECTED WELCOME

We entered the town late at night and beat loudly at the outer gate of the mission house, expecting to be greeted by the guttural tones of one of the good German Fathers. Instead, to our surprise, came a hearty welcome rich with the echoes of old Erin. Even before we could say: "How come?" our Irish neighbors from Nancheng made us sit down to a few bowls of heaven-sent rice and a cup or two of barley coffee. Only then did we get an explanation.

Through a misunderstanding on the part of the local authorities, the eighteen German Salvatorians, working in this section, had been interned. China, as you know, is at war with Germany, but when their internment was brought to the attention of the Chinese Central Government, the priests were released. But before their release, the German Fathers were forced to call upon the aid of the St. Columban missionaries in the next province. Otherwise thousands of Catholics entrusted to their care would have been abandoned.

That was the story of the Irish "occupation" of the German mission. It was at Kuang-tseh, enjoying the hospitality of the St. Columban Fathers in the German residence, that we watched the invasion of both our mission territories, the St. Columban, and the Vincentian, by the Japanese. I saw tension and anxiety increase daily on the faces of Fathers MacElroy, Foy and Kelly, as refugees came sifting through with bits of news . . . none too consoling.

When it became known for certain that the Japanese, after a two-day shelling of the city of Nancheng, preceded by days of bombing, had finally taken it, the faces of the priests became furrowed with worry—worry for the safety of their Bishop, four priests and seven Sisters whom they knew to be still in Nancheng.

A report reached us that the Japanese were again on the move and only twenty-five miles from us. The grim and determined look on the faces of the St. Columban

priests showed that they would stay on and protect their charges for all their neutrality was worth. Fortunately we learned that the report was false and that the Japanese army was not coming our way.

CONFLICTING RUMORS

After that it was a matter of waiting patiently and praying that the situation around Nancheng would clear up sufficiently to enable us to get a clear and concise picture of what had happened. We had heard many conflicting rumors. It was only after a wait of four weeks, when the Japanese withdrew from that section, that a personal visit could be made to ascertain the truth.

The truth was bad enough. The city of Nancheng was a burnt shell. The priests' residence and mission compound had been looted and torn apart.

It was a happy day when the German Fathers were released to continue their own work, and the six St. Columban Fathers who had been scattered through the German vicariate were able to return to their missions to help their fellow priests to take care of the now homeless and destitute Chinese of Nancheng.

(This was an incident of the 1942 offensive. Since then Nancheng has been unoccupied territory once more, and some reconstruction has been accomplished. —Ed.)



The missionaries found Nancheng a charred shell and the inhabitants homeless.

"He Comes with

THE FEAST OF CHRISTMAS is in a special sense the feast of the missions, for here on the frontiers of Christianity, the Babe of Bethlehem is seen for the first time by many fresh from the waters of Baptism. Their hearts glowing with awe and adoration, they come to kneel before the crib. Christ has just been born in their souls and so to them the significance of Christmas is most clear.

In the world of the West, the recurring feast is the joyous echo of the Angelic chorus: "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth among men of good will." Here to the kneeling peace-seeker the mystery of the Incarnation has the familiar newness of each new sunrise, but to many in the pagan East, Christmas is in the fullest sense a glorious novelty.

Never before have they seen the Infant lying on the bristling straw, the girlish Mother gazing with virgin eyes on the Son placed in her arms by the Holy Ghost, the stalwart foster-father worshipping intently and the dumb beasts of the fields who play their part instinctively. For these recent converts the feast of the Birth of Christ mirrors vividly their own rebirth in faith.

The eve of Christmas in the missions is a day when the Catholic few detach themselves from the drab pagan world around them. For these

From the painting by
Mother M.M. Nealis,
R.C.S.J.



For



dings and a Song''



©
Convent of the
Sacred Heart

Sake

hours at least they live in another world made bright by the light of Faith. From far-flung village, hamlet and town they hasten to church, the long miles between dwindling beneath the seven-league boots of their longing. Their priest, a true spiritual father, has seen to it that this day will be one whose memories will linger in their hearts. The church is gaily festooned with holly streamers, while Chinese lanterns dance to the music of the winds.

It is easy to be sorry for one's transgressions when kneeling before the crib of the All-pure, and behind the veils of the confessional all is made well. The little congregation, gathered before the altar, sing in quaint melody the hymns that recount the joyous events of this night. Then soon the midnight hour strikes, the candles are lit on the altar and the Christmas Mass begun. As the priestly hands raise the white Host, the peaceful quiet of night is broken by the crackle and glint of bursting firecrackers, for so these good-hearted people express their joy at their Saviour's coming.

The cool air of the night and the crystal glitter of the stars reflect the freshness and glow in their hearts, for gladness and consolation have walked down the centuries from that deathless night, when the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.



Piggy Back TO HEAVEN

By Frances Maye

**Somewhere Danny Shouted Back: "Come on, Ma.
It's Not So Hard."**

THE LITTLE BOY was watching a mound of ants near Mrs. Garvey's gate. At least he was pretending to watch the ants. Let him. Mrs. Garvey had more to do than talk with little boys. Of all places why should he loiter about her gate?

She must get that fig tree pruned today. If she waited any longer the sap would begin to flow through the bare boughs and she might as well forget it. If you didn't take proper care of your fruit trees you couldn't expect a decent crop. And what would you do when canning season came around?

Mrs. Garvey's arms were suddenly old and tired. Reaching up into the tree, they were just two more barren boughs. Two boughs past their season. But with no spring ahead.

With a dull thud, the pruning shears plumped into the ground. Why should she prune her tree? What difference did it make if there was fruit for canning? Anyway the sun was too hot. Her eyes hurt from looking at the sky. It was too blue today.

"Aren't you gonna cut any more?" It was the little boy beside the gate. He was squatting back

on his haunches, frankly watching her. He was admitting the attraction which had held him at the gate.

"No," she said. "No, I guess not."

SHE WOULD HAVE TURNED and walked in the house, leaving him with the ant hill for company, but he stopped her. Stopped her right there, as she turned. Stopped her with his eyes.

She didn't mean to, but she smiled at him and he smiled back.

"Are you through?" he asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Garvey said. "Yes. Yes, I'm all through." That was it. She was through. All through. And his eyes were blue like Danny's. Too blue, like the sky.

"But, ma'am, I don't think so," the little boy said. "I don't think you're through at all." He wasn't looking at her. With small head tilted at a judicious angle, he was looking at the tree.

"How do you know?" she demanded. "How do you know I'm not through?"

"Because there's more to do," he said.

"See those little branches sticking up along those limbs? They

don't belong there. They're suckers. They won't do your tree any good."

Well! So she had to continue cutting at her tree because a little boy advised her to finish the job she had begun. A little boy who seemed to know what he was talking about.

"Who are you?" she asked with the smile touching her voice. "You seem to know so much about trees!"

"I'm Raymond T. Hill, Jr.," the little boy said and as he spoke Mrs. Garvey had a queer sensation of being in the midst of clicking military heels and flashing salutes and someone saying, "At your service, ma'am!"

"And may I ask how old you may be, Master Raymond T. Hill, Jr.?" Mrs. Garvey asked. She had not meant to put such a fine frill on the question. It came out all unbidden, just like that. There was something about the little boy that impelled a frill or a flare. He was so small, squatting beside the ant hill, yet he managed to achieve an effect of clicking heels and salutes and men at least six feet tall.

"I am almost six years old," he said.

ALMOST SIX! He couldn't say five or half past five, or even five and a half. He had to say, almost six. Danny couldn't be seventeen either, nor past it at all. He had to be almost eighteen. Practically eighteen, Ma. Gosh, I'm not a kid any more.

"For a boy not yet six, you seem to know a great deal about pruning trees."

"Oh, I do, ma'am. My Daddy taught me how. He showed me how. Want me to help you?" He stood up. The blue eyes were waiting. At your service ma'am. At the service of my country. Almost six. Almost eighteen. Almost a full grown man. Gee, Ma. Can't you understand?

"Maybe I do need your help," Mrs. Garvey said. And his eyes were no longer too blue. She could bear the sight of them. And perhaps the sky would be all right, too.

"Gee," he said, "we got to clean the shears first. Did you know you got dirt on them, ma'am?"

"Oh, did I?" she said. As though she didn't know. As though she

didn't know as much about taking care of tools as Daddy had.

Business-like, her new assistant asked, "Got a cloth?"

"I can get one from the house."

"While you do, I'll go tell my Mom where I am. I'll tell her I'm helping a lady for a while." With that he was off, dashing down the street. She wondered who he was. You didn't know people any more. So many moving in and moving out. Everything was changed. Good little boy to let his Mom know where he was.

When the little boy came back, they gravely cleaned the shears and set to work in earnest. "See, ma'am, let the sunlight in. That's the idea, my Daddy says. You can't go wrong with sunshine and air."

THE SUNLIGHT warmed her arms, reaching into the plumpish limbs, and they were not gaunt old arms any more. They could finish a job, if they must. They were only parts of something with roots too, too deep to ignore. The limbs of the tree would be in leaf again in a few weeks. And there would be blossoming and another crop of fruit. Over and over and over again the spring came back, no matter how dreary was the time between.

"My Daddy says to get every single sucker off. He says no need having anything on anything that's taking and not giving."

"Your Daddy is right," said Mrs. Garvey. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Cut off every single sucker which has only one function. Which takes and yet refuses when it is time to give.

"You bet he is! He's a lieutenant, you know."

"But I didn't! I thought he was home with you and your Mom."

"Heck, no! Not my Daddy. He said he had to go a time like this."

Mrs. Garvey had heard that before. "Where is he now, child?" she asked.

"Southpacific," said the little boy. "Southpacific. Know where that is?"

"Yes," she said slowing, blinking at the blueness of the sky which was threatening to get too blue again. "Yes. I know where the South Pacific is."

"Oh, boy! Will you tell me where it is and all about it then?"

She couldn't say, It's the end of the world. It's where Danny died. But she had to answer. The blue eyes were waiting once again.

"The South Pacific is quite a distance from Los Angeles," she managed.

He nodded. "That's what my Daddy said in a letter. 'I'm a long

way from Los Angeles,' he said 'but in some ways I'm right beside you and little Ray all the time,' he said. That made my Mom cry. Do you see anything to cry about in that?"

Mrs. Garvey shook her head.

"But you're crying, too," the little boy said.

"The sun hurts my eyes sometimes," she said. It hurt to remember that the South Pacific hadn't



She had a free, fine feeling, as she watched the boy go.

been so far away. That a man could still be beside those he loved, no matter what his APO number was. "Let's go inside and rest a bit. Shall we, dear?"

IN THE DOORWAY the little boy said, "I like your house. I like the way it feels."

Mrs. Garvey felt her house for the first time in weeks when the little boy spoke. She felt the width and breadth of it and let the picture above the mantle touch her again, and the smudges on the floor that somehow wouldn't go away. She felt the house as she used to do when she would stop suddenly in the midst of cleaning a room and take stock of all she had.

"It is a good-feeling house," she said. "Come over here and sit down." She led him to the chair which was like the third bear's chair. It was not too big and it was not too small. It was a chair to fit a little boy. Above it was the picture of Sir Galahad.

The little boy sat down and looked at her and smiled. He was just right in the just right chair.

"Do you have any boys or girls?" he asked.

"One boy. But he had to go away."

"Southpacific?" Eagerly.

"No. Further away than that." She paused. Then added, "Or perhaps not so far."

"You never know nowadays," the little boy said and sighed. Mrs. Garvey guessed both the remark and sigh were from his Mom.

"No you don't. You never know."

She stood up. "I'm going to get us a glass of lemonade and then I'll show you something which belonged to my boy."

She hurried toward the kitchen. She was surprised at herself. She didn't think she'd ever show the medals to anyone ever. But she was going to show them to the little boy. As soon as he had his lemonade and a cookie.

BUT THERE WERE no cookies. She had forgotten. Well, bread and jam would do. With a good crop on the fruit trees she could always keep jams and jellies in the house.

He liked the lemonade and the bread and jam. But he ate it nicely as a little boy ought. He ate the bread carefully with the crumbs falling on the napkin in his lap.

Mrs. Garvey ate bread and jam, too, and drank a glass of lemonade. When they finished she took the glasses to the kitchen and had the box with the medals in her hand. The little boy had turned in his chair and was looking up at Galahad. "Who is that?" he asked.

"Sir Galahad," she said. "He was the knight who said, 'My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure.'"

"What did he mean?"

Danny used to consider the pictures for long minutes at a time. She knew most of the answers about Sir Galahad. "He meant that he was strong enough to do anything as long as he was good."

"Oh, my Daddy said something like that before he went away. He said, 'Be a good boy and you'll always have what it takes.' That's what my Daddy said."

Mrs. Garvey looked at the picture, as she used to do with Danny, when he was going on seven or eight and not eighteen. After that, it was easy to show the medals.

"For bravery," the little boy repeated. "Gee, that's swell."

"I think so, too," Mrs. Garvey said. And she thought so, too, much to her own surprise.

"What did your boy do to get it?"

SHE WAS TELLING Raymond T. Hill, Jr., what the Chaplain had told her in his letter after Danny died. About how he had carried a friend to safety "with no thought of self," about the "mission" he had completed before his friend was hit.

When she took out the other medal the little boy said, "I never saw one like this before. I mean I never saw a picture of one like this."

She placed the medal in the palm of his small hand and it gleamed



"Greater Love Than This"

Fundamental Alliance

DEAR —:

Shall we say we love, if we do not trust, the Holy Ghost to accomplish, despite all our nothingness, His sanctification of our souls?

What you say will be always true, and of all of us—we are weak—but our alliance is with a Perfect Lover Who will overcome all our weaknesses so long as we desire and ask Him to do so. "Ask and you shall receive."

Because a Missionary Sister shares so deeply in the Mission of the Son and Spirit—to bring the universe of souls back to its original orientation in God and to God—she can always count on special graces.

How can we fail to hope and trust supremely when we regard the overwhelming character of God's Love—and despite what we think, even as the Apostles thought, He has chosen us, not we Him. In the choice which drew us away from the legitimate and holy consolations of home there is contained the pledge of life-long graces and first of all the fundamental grace of answering His Love with all our being, i.e. the consecration of every heart-beat to the Adorable Trinity.

To this End which is our Beginning, take our Mother's hand and don't be afraid of anything.

FATHER PAGE, C.S.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *These are actual letters written to missionaries and others by an American priest.*

up at her from there. "This is a St. Christopher medal," she said. "The Chaplain sent it to me because he thought I'd like it back. I gave it to my boy before he went away."

The little boy was intently examining the bright medal in his hand. "Why it's a man taking a little boy for a piggy-back ride! Where is he taking him?"

Mrs. Garvey considered the medal thoughtfully a moment then she said, "He's taking him across a stream. That's where he wants to go."

"Oh," said the child. "But if He wanted to go somewhere else, would the man take him?"

Now Mrs. Garvey smiled because the answers were coming easier. They were becoming clearer. She could feel the answers in somewhat the same manner as she could feel her house. "He would take Him anywhere, anywhere at all. What's more, he'd help Him carry whatever He had to take along."

"No matter how heavy it was?"

"No matter how heavy it was."

"But why?"

That was the easiest answer of all. Because it was the only answer. "Because he loves the Little Boy," she said. "Because he loves Him very much."

THERE was a cozy silence, then Raymond T. Hill, Jr., exclaimed, "Gee, you know all about medals, don't you? More than I do even. I never heard of a St. Christopher medal before."

Mrs. Garvey closed the little hand over the medal. "Keep it," she said. "Keep it for yourself."

"But, gee. Won't your boy care? Won't he want it back again?"

"No," she said. "He won't want it back. I'm quite sure he won't."

"Gosh, thanks a lot. This is swell. Gee, I'm going to go show my Mom. I bet she never heard of a medal with a piggy back ride on it either. I bet she never knew there was that kind at all." Struck by a thought, he asked, "But what's it for?"

"Bravery," she said. "Bravery, like the other one. My boy carried what he had to, without 'thought of self.' St. Christopher did that, too. Lots of brave people have. And I guess they always will. And



On His Way to ring up another 6 points. A fast shutter speed (1/1,000 of a second, to be exact) was needed for this shot at St. Columbans, Nebr., house of final theology studies.

some people will even do it who aren't brave at all."

"Oh," said the little boy. "I'll just say to Mom, It means bravery, huh?"

"That's right," Mrs. Garvey said. And she watched him go, quick and galloping like little boys go. Here now, and gone.

And she had a free, fine feeling as she watched the boy go. It was as though the burden she carried

wasn't the most important thing after all. It was by no means the only thing.

And somewhere ahead of her on a road Danny shouted back, "Come on, Ma. It's not so hard. Just keep coming. Piggy back. Piggy back. Did you ever hear of a yoke that's sweet? Come on, Ma. Gee, I'm almost six or eight or seven. Piggy back. Piggy back. Right straight to Heaven."



Philippine Flocks of St. Columban's priests number more than quarter of a million Catholics and include these three Filipino boys, who delight in serving the padre at the altar. They belong to Silang parish (14,000 Catholics) in Cavite province, near Manila.

TEN THOUSAND difficulties do not make one doubt.

—Cardinal Newman

"SONG OF BERNADETTE" FILM

*How Historical is the movie,
"Song of Bernadette"?*

THE motion picture, "Song of Bernadette," follows the novel by Franz Werfel rather than the exact history of events. The novel departed in some ways from the historical record (see *THE FAR EAST*, Sept., 1942); so does the film.

It is no slur on the manifest good intentions of the producers or on the artistry in the film to show where it is unhistorical. When the subject is so important, people should know where fact ends and fiction begins. The story of Lourdes and of Bernadette is fully significant only when it is fully factual.

ANTOINE THE MILLER

In the film: Antoine Nicolau, the young miller, is in love—chivalrously, reverently—with Bernadette, and she is clearly interested in him. When she goes into an ecstasy at the Grotto and her companions fear that she is dying, he carries her in his arms up to his mother's home. Later on, when Bernadette is leaving for the convent, they bid each other a wistful farewell. He tells her that he will never marry and gives her flowers, from which she gives him a spray as keepsake.

The facts: This "love interest" is entirely fictitious. Antoine Nicolau was twice the age of Bernadette at the time of the apparitions. He was twenty-eight or twenty-nine; she was only fourteen, and so small that she scarcely seemed twelve.

After the second apparition Antoine, at his mother's insistence, took Bernadette by the right arm and raised her from her knees. Then, his mother taking her by one hand and he by another, the two led her to their home beside the mill.

THE GROTTA

Film: The Grotto of Massabielle was the city dump.

Fact: It was not.

★ The Answer Box

THE SPRING

Film: The priest tells her to ask the Lady to make the rose-bush bloom. The crowd gathers to see if the miracle will take place. It does not, but Bernadette is told by Our Lady to uncover the spring and drink from it and wash in it. She digs with her fingers, apparently finds no water but smears the clay from the hole on her face. After she has gone home, discredited, Antoine waits and sees the spring bursting forth copiously.

Fact: On February 25 Our Lady guided Bernadette to the discovery



St. Bernadette

From an authentic picture

of the spring. Bernadette did find it, though the water did not come abundantly at first. It was muddy, and after she had swallowed a few mouthfuls and washed her face in it, her features were stained with mud. The abundant flow came as the people of Lourdes hollowed out a hole and built a receptacle for the water.

The priest's challenging request for the blooming of the rose-bush was made on March 2. Bernadette obediently transmitted the request next day. "The Lady smiled, but she still wants the chapel," was the girl's report to her pastor.

ENTERING THE CONVENT

Film: Bernadette is railroaded to the convent. All aglow, she tells Father Peyramale that she would like to dance and have a husband, but the priest shatters her happiness by telling her that she must choose Heaven, since Heaven has chosen her. She begins to weep but through her tears she accepts

the verdict—that she must enter the convent.

The priest's argument is that a "normal life" is not for her, once she has "played with fire" by accepting the graces of the apparitions.

Facts: The convent was Bernadette's own free, deliberate choice. In 1858, shortly after the apparitions, she expressed a desire to become a Carmelite nun but was told that her health would not permit that. In 1863 the Bishop of Nevers suggested that she might wish to settle down in the world. Her answer was emphatic: "Certainly not." What was holding her back then from entering a convent was the financial difficulty of the "dowry" that might be needed and her fear that she would be useless to the community. Further, she was undecided about the particular community. It took her three more years to decide finally on the Nevers Sisterhood.

The suggestion that a convent life is not a "normal" one for a Catholic girl or, on the other hand, that the married state is incompatible with high graces from Heaven is not the soundest spirituality to put on a priest's lips.

THE NUN

Film: The Sister who taught Bernadette in Lourdes is her novice-mistress in the convent and, consumed with spiritual pride and jealousy, she persecutes the girl.

Facts: Mother M. Vauzou did not teach Bernadette in Lourdes. To safeguard the favored novice, the mistress of novices did indeed treat her with apparent coldness and severity. There is nothing, however, to support the representation of the nun as full of doubt, suspicion, pride and jealousy.

DEATH-BED

Film: Bernadette during her last illness was once more interrogated by a bishop, surrounded by a group of grim-visaged ecclesiastics. She is carried out from the ordeal, moaning piteously: "I did see her! I did see her!"

Facts: This is sheer fiction.

The bishop's commission began its inquiry in 1858, the year of the

INCOME TAX

To encourage you to help charitable work like St. Columban's, the Government allows you to deduct your donations up to a total of 15% of your taxable (by Federal tax) income.

It is spiritual wisdom to help the missions. It is common sense to use the facilities that make it easy.

Write for particulars to:

Rev. Paul Waldron,
St. Columbans, Nebr.

apparitions, and gave its final verdict—entirely favorable—on January 18, 1862.

Bernadette died in 1879. There was no death-bed inquisition such as the film indicates. On December 12, 1878, the superior of the Lourdes missionaries interviewed her to get the details needed for the authoritative and complete history of the apparitions. With him was the vicar general of Tarbes—no other priest. Bernadette gave the infor-

mation "with joy and simplicity." The missionary continued his inquiries by correspondence.

Film: Bernadette, dying and troubled by the apparent doubts of the Church superiors, sends for Father Peyramale, her old pastor. He hurries to her death-bed, and once more she protests: "I did see her!"

Fact: Father Peyramale died seventeen months before Bernadette.

Film: The dying Bernadette repeats: "I will never see her again!" Then Our Lady appears to her.

Facts: No such hopelessness could mark the death-bed of a saint. The day before she died, she did say: "I am afraid! I have received so many graces. I am afraid I have not made good use of them." This is far from despair. There is no certainty that Our Lady appeared to her. Bernadette died after making an explicit act of love of God and while saying the last part of the Hail Mary.

Make yours a good will . . . good for your soul, good for the missions. Use the form of bequest printed inside back cover of this magazine.

Requiescant in Pace

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Sister Marie Vianney

Captain Abraham, Lt. Harold McKenna, Lt. Frank Hebenstreit, Lt. Richard V. Schall, Lt. Fred Linstedt, Lt. Richard Mulrone, Lt. Thomas Raymond Baraldi, Lt. Leonard J. Harnes, Sgt. Joseph Cusker, Pfc. Frederick Vincent Roach, Andrew W. Burns, Robert Kelly,

who have given their lives in the service of their country.

Thaddeus Malechi, Leo Dwyer, Pietro Rossi, J. Louis Quinn, Mr. N. F. Schaaf, George Beacom, John Balk, Michael Reeves, John Mahoney, Mr. E. J. Lym, R. W. Hatcher, J. A. Gmeinder, Jerry Regan, Lester Miller, J. A. Cruickshank, Mary Spelic, Susan Sexton Jorstad, Bertha Gross, Bridget Caffrey, Anna H. Brockland, Catherine Frances McGrath, Barbara Veit, Helen Montgomery, Helen O'Hern, Mary E. Brooks, Kate Welch, Anna L. Carroll, Catherine McCann Hall, Mary Connelly, Mary Reed, Jennie C. Carter, Constance Geiger, Katherine Nadlinski, Catherine Hill, Mrs. D. J. Secord, Mrs. E. Flory, Mrs. M. M. Beckett, Mrs. McCann, Mrs. E. Meyer, Mrs. W. Neal Darroch, Mrs. T. M. Winzer, Mrs. William Emerick, Mrs. J. Goss, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Michael Huber, Mrs. Gagne,

and all the deceased members and benefactors of St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society.

May their souls, and the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God rest in peace.

Clip and mail to someone in the Service

Home for Christmas

Small-town frame house or big-city apartment, shack beside the tracks or bungalow on the boulevard, it means home to you. Home and the folks. . . .

It doesn't seem right to be away from home for Christmas and New Year. Wait a minute, bud. Aren't you in good company? Wasn't the first Christmas of all spent away from home, when God Himself was a homeless baby in a stable—for you and me? You now can be very much at home in spirit beside His manger. Go there, by daily prayers, and Mass and the Sacraments when possible . . . and you'll be truly home for Christmas.

The Editor

Slim Gives Password

Slim is in the way of hearing things. Like these two passwords. You'll find them useful, too.

If you want to live your religion in this man's army—or navy—you've got to be quick about receiving the Sacraments when the chance comes. And

SERVICE

THE FAR EAST

EDITION

No. 2 St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society Dec. '44

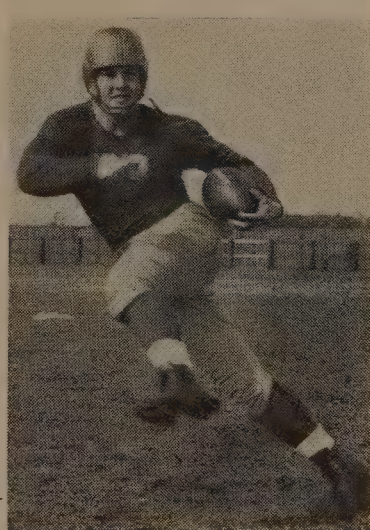
you've got to know how to say your prayers when the air is thick with distractions and there's fifteen miles of mud between you and the little prayer-book the girl gave you.

Here's where Slim's passwords come in. It's the middle of maneuvers or the middle of the night, the chaplain's here . . . and you're going to receive. Use one password for a good preparation for Holy Communion, the other for a good thanksgiving. First is ACTS. Like this:

A—Adore Our Lord in the Sacred Host. Adore in any words. C—Contrition, sorrow, for all your sins. T—Trust in Our Lord's love and mercy. That's why He's coming to you. S—Special intention (thanksgiving, some favor wanted) for this Communion. Add a Hail Mary. The Blessed Mother likes helping people to receive well.

Password to a good thanksgiving after Communion is ARBOR.

A—Adore Our Lord truly within you. R—Return thanks for this and all His goodness. B—Beg for all you need. O—Offer yourself, your troubles and



Bob Kelly, Notre Dame's hard-hammering half-back, used to play for Leo High, Chicago, will play for Navy next year. His Dad has just scored, too: elected to Congress.

tasks, to Him. R—Return thanks again as you leave. Use any words for these thoughts. Don't be afraid to talk out from your own heart.

Slim says these passwords will bring you a long way.

Oh, yes. Slim wrote this piece.

Brothers Feature In Triple Play

Away back in 1926 a Chicago man visited a mission exhibit at the Eucharistic Congress. His eldest boy, Bob, then 13, was with him. They stopped at St. Columban's booth and subscribed for THE FAR EAST.

Sequel: next year Bob Degnan entered St. Columban's prep., Silver Creek, N. Y., to begin his studies for the missionary priesthood. More sequel: in 1930 his brother Fran followed him. Still more sequel: in 1931 their brother Chuck followed them.

Today Father Robert Degnan is working in St. Columban's missions in Free China. Father Francis Degnan is on the faculty at Silver Creek. Father Charles Degnan is busy in a Chicago parish, awaiting the day when the ships will sail to the missions again.

From Roxbury, Mass., another trio of brothers has come to St. Columban's missions. Father James Roddy was ordained in 1941; his brothers, Charles and Frank, are still seminarians.

Say 3 Hail Marys night & morning; after each:

O Mary, through thy Immaculate Conception, make my body pure and my soul holy.

Brick-and-Mortar Seminarians

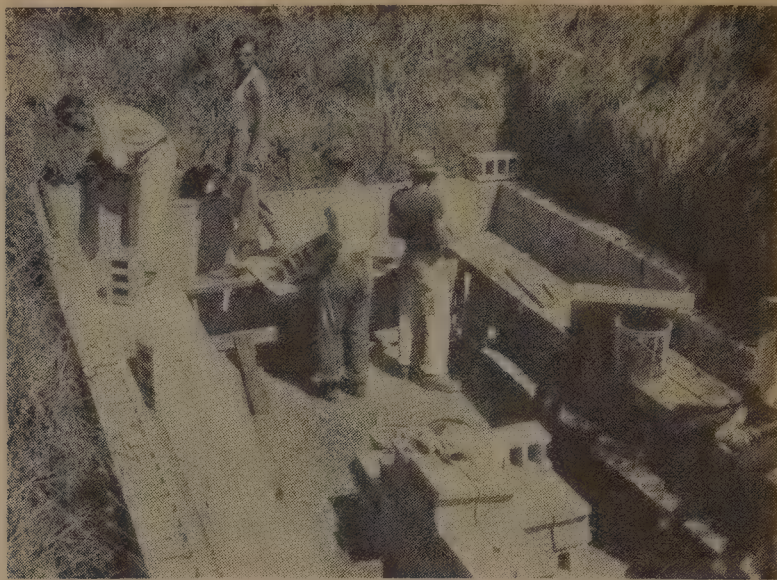
YES, it did look like a throw-back to a WPA project, but this happened in the autumn of 1944 at St. Columban's Seminary, Nebraska. During free afternoons and after-class periods, a line of enthusiastic seminarians with shovel, level and trowel headed for their pet construction job—the building of an underground bin or cave, as it is known here in the Mid-West.

This truly imposing engineering feat, if you'll overlook a slight exaggeration, is not intended as an air-raid shelter, but simply as a place to store vegetables during the winter months. That, you may say, is very unimaginative and an awful lot of bother for just a few old vegetables. But there's more to it than that.

As every housewife knows, fresh vegetables are considerably cheaper in the fall, just after the harvest, than later on in the winter, when they are more scarce. It isn't possible for most people to lay in a supply of vegetables for several months, but here at St. Columban's, our cave makes it possible and practical.

Fresh vegetables, enough for several months, are bought when the market price is low, and stored away, along with other produce grown on our own grounds. The natural coolness of the underground bin is sufficient to keep them from going bad. And as a result we are in the enviable position of having fresh vegetables all year 'round with a minimum of expense.

Just another example of how your donations to St. Columban's Seminaries are used with their greatest purchasing power.



At ■ early stage in the cave's construction.



The students add the finishing touches.

St. Columban's

THE FAR EAST

Service Edition

NEWS REEL

Rome: Sacred Congregation of Rites has given chaplains permission to use khaki vestiments ... **Washington:** Alfred E. Smith "can in all justice be called the boast of the Catholic American laity." — Archbishop Cicognani ... **High Seas:** Hanging in U.S.S. *Shea* is framed duplicate letter of Commander Shea to his son in which he said: "Be a good Catholic and you can't help being a good American." ... **U. S.:** Every new-born baby owes \$2,000 to National Debt. No wonder they bawl ... **New Orleans:** Archbishop Rummel begins examination of facts pertaining to reported sudden cure from cancer experienced by Sister Gertrude, a Daughter of Charity, after making novena to Mother Seton ... **Milwaukee:** Father Osonski, while giving the last rites to another auto victim at a road side, was himself killed by ■ drunken driver ... **Post War:** G.I.'s handy at ironing out difficulties will find openings in America's laundries which need 100,000 employees ... **Date-line Unknown:** Two 'teen-aged bobby-sockers reported a drug-gist to the OPA because he wouldn't give them two scoops of ice cream in their cones.



Bing Crosby, "Fr. O'Malley," visited by Fr. Marigan, St. Columban's, & The Far East editor, during *Going My Way*.

Gunner to Pilot . . .

To a Catholic, Sunday means Mass and every effort must be made to attend Mass. At times, though, this may be impossible. But remember, you can always be present at Mass in spirit when you cannot attend in body. Every moment of every day, Mass is being offered in some part of the world and, whenever you wish, you can join yourself to these Masses.

Just say "My God, wherever Mass is being offered at this moment, I unite myself to it and with Jesus I offer it up to

SHORT PUNTS

Coach Tom Stidham, in his NCWC syndicated column, tells us that Catholics are well represented in the professional football league this year.

In Force

According to the latest figures, there are 129 Catholics in the professional league, the Boston Yanks and the Chicago Bears having 17 each; the New York Giants, 15; the Cleveland Rams, Detroit Lions and the Washington Redskins, 14; the Chicago Cardinal-Pittsburgh Steeler combine and the Philadelphia Eagles each have 10 and Brooklyn and Green Bay, 9.

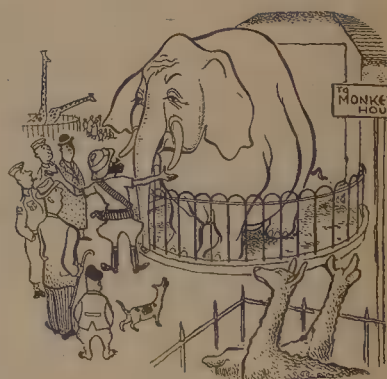
So Do Others

Ed McKeever, coach of the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame, believes that Bob Kelly is "fastest running back in America."

Halfback Ray Colonel of Holy Cross has no chance to make it Col. Colonel—he's a navy trainee.

You, to adore You, to satisfy for my sins and to implore Your blessing and protection."

Whether you are in a fox-hole or behind a machine gun, inside a tank or manning the AA guns on a battleship, yes, or even doing KP, you can unite yourself to the Mass in this way.



Dublin Opinion

"Come, you must remember me!"

Fore and Aft

Even our best refineries can't separate booze from gasoline.

The father who kept hitting the ball now has a son who wants only to hit the jackpot.

As a rule, a baby's rattle and drinks are seldom shaken in the same home.

Bargain hunters find things more within their reach, if they are below the ceiling.

There's a lot of flash in these fall suits. Probably because they are charged.

—Joseph J. Quinn,
in his Southwest Courier
(Okla. City) column.

Little Wise Man

“AND DID YOU LIKE that one, when you were little, Mom?” asked Tommy.

“I loved it,” said Mother.

“Then read it for me . . . please,” said Tommy, smuggling down to listen.

It was the precious ten minutes before bedtime. Some nights Mother read to him. Other nights she told him a story.

Tonight the poem was short. There were seven big minutes left.

“Tell me a story now, Mom,” pleaded Tommy. “Just a little story.”

“What kind of story do you want, son?”

Tommy looked through his open door towards the little crib in Mother’s room. “A story about the baby Jesus,” he said promptly.

Mother laid aside the book and began. It was the story about the wise, rich, important men who came all the way across the country to find the baby Jesus. There were no trains, no busses, no cars. It would have been a skeery, scarey trip for anyone else. But they weren’t scared, because they knew that the baby Jesus wanted them to come. He had sent them a star to show them the way. And since He is God, He could and would take care of them.

When these wise men found Him, with the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph, they were delighted. They unpacked their grips and brought out their presents—the first Christmas presents. They gave gold and two other precious things that Tommy had never heard of before.

“Why did they give him gold, Mom?”

“Because it’s a nice thing to give someone you love. That’s why Uncle Jim gave that gold ornament to Aunt Mary to wear.”

Tommy thought hard.

“I wish we had a lot of gold,” he said.

“Why, Tommy?”

“It would be nice to give it to the baby Jesus for His birthday.”

Tommy Follows the Star



Short Story by Colum



“It would, Tommy. But we don’t have it. And now it’s time to say your prayers.”

Tommy said his prayers and climbed into bed. But he didn’t go to sleep at once. He could see through his open door to the tiny vigil light that burned before the little crib. Nobody was coming there, nobody was bringing any presents there. Didn’t anyone love the baby Jesus now? Or was there no gold?

Suddenly Tommy chortled and sat up. Why, of course! Mother must have forgotten.

He jumped out of bed and pushed his feet into his wooly slippers.

MOTHER WAITED UP late for Daddy’s long-distance telephone call and she was tired when she came upstairs to bed. She turned on a softly shaded light to look at Tommy. He was fast asleep and happy-looking.

In her own room she decided to see if the keys that Daddy spoke

about were where he said they were. She opened the top side drawer of the dresser. Yes, they were there. But . . . *what was missing?* Her very special gold bracelets! The ones she was so proud of! How she had enjoyed showing them off, when she went out! Now they were *gone!*

Frightened, ready to cry, she pulled out the drawer and turned it upside down. Keys, pins, a broken rosary, a pencil, tumbled in a heap—but no gold bracelets. She tried the next drawer. The bracelets were missing. Lost, stolen, what? She was crying now. They had cost her a great deal of money, when she could hardly afford to spend it. If only Daddy were here! What could she do?

Long ago she had been taught that there is one safe thing to do when you are troubled or scared. She went over to her little altar, knelt down before the crib and tried to pray. Yes, she had been extravagant in buying those bracelets. And terribly vain in showing them off. God was punishing her now by . . .

She let a little scream. Something bright inside the crib glinted in the red flicker of the vigil light. There lay her two gold bracelets beside
(Turn to next page)

VOLUNTEERS WANTED!

For the Cause of Christ! Glorious work, a hard life and an everlasting reward. Who’s ready to begin?

Write, saying just: “I’m willing,” to

**Colum,
St. Columbans, Nebr.**

the manger, close to the head of the baby Jesus.

How **an** earth . . . ? Then she remembered! Tommy, of course, and her story had done it. "I wish we had a lot of gold," he had said. And when he thought of these, he couldn't imagine Mother not wanting to give them to the baby Jesus . . . She went down on her knees again.

A week later a priest at St. Columban's opened a registered package to find two slender gold bracelets. "Use them for the missions any way you wish, Father," said the note. "They are from a little wise man and his not-so-wise mother."

Christmas Mailbag

You to Colum . . . Colum to You
Gary Heisserer, Normandy, Mo.

The boys were to treat the girls to a party, but instead we sacrificed the money to help save a soul.

There's an everlasting treat in store for some people I know.

Daddy Doubles

I have three brothers and a sister. We saved \$2.60 for your missions. Daddy always gives us a like amount; so I am sending his check for \$5.20. I am nine years old now. This is the third year I have taken charge of the mission box.—Your Friend, Thomas Hatheway, Massillon, O.

S. M. V. O'D., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Those of Irish extraction formed a club, named it "Dark Rosaleen" and adopted Jackie Mitebox.

It is thanks to such help that "The priests are on the ocean green. They march along the deep."

Mt. St. Euphrasia H. S., Denver

We are enclosing a check for \$68.00, mission contributions. The grade-school children are responsible for part of the sum. We earned quite a little bit through our sale of the school paper, The Euphrasianette. Anyway we know that you can use it to advantage.

Yes, girls, to heavenly advantage for you as well as for souls in the missions.

THE WINNERS!

Colum wasn't able to squeeze in the September winners last month, so here are the winners for both the September and the October contests.

September winners

CLASS I: 1. Mary Claire Schmitt; 2. Annette Briganti; 3. Ellen Louise Hoover, all of St. Michael's School, Los Angeles, Calif.

CLASS III: 1. Margaret H. Mullin, Boulder, Colo.; 2. Agnes M. Case, Westminster, Md.; 3. Loretto Kleiner, Chicago, Ill. Honorable mention: Antoinette Herber, Chicago, Ill.

October winners

CLASS I: 1. Annette Briganti; 2. Mary Claire Schmitt, both of St. Michael's School, Los Angeles, Calif.; 3. Dennis Madigan, Boston, Mass.

CLASS III: Margaret H. Mullin, Boulder, Colo.

Mary Wells, Detroit, Mich.

I am in the 8th Grade, my brother is in the 7th and with the help of my Mother we collected this.

A grand trio on a grand program.

B.A.A., Cadet Nurse, Ill.

*My days are full,
I rush and rush . . .*

But she finds time and makes sacrifices to nurse the missions very efficiently.

Angelean Porretta, Los Angeles

Do you know that we have one of the best Sisters in the whole school. But there are other Sisters that are good and kind.

Diplomatic Angelean.

Annette Briganti, Los Angeles

We went to Big Bear. I caught five fish. My daddy caught 90 blue gills. I am going to get a kitten next week.

Over-supply of fish?

Mary Claire Schmitt, Los Angeles

My little sister, Gretchen Ann, wants to go to school. But she is too young to go because she is only four and a half, going on five.

Colum ought to go to school but won't, because he's going on his nerve —PETE.

Louise Lauer, Los Angeles

I have a rabbit and she eats more than any rabbit I know.

Give Jackie Mitebox a chance to compete with her—in the lettuce division.

A Christmas Carol

He holds His Birthday Party,
The Christ-Child, today;
A merrier birthday party
Will never come your way;
There's Mary's smile to greet you,
And heavenly music played,
And Christ Himself to love you
And give you Living Bread.

He holds His Birthday Party,
The Christ-Child, today;
And Oh! with gleaming treasures
His Christmas Tree is gay:
Gifts of peace and pardon,
Ease from blight and ban,
And share in High high Kingdom
For every child of man.

Here is the revelation
Whereof true prophet sings,
And here the unearthly splendor
That drew the dreaming kings;
But the wise must stoop to enter,
And kings throw crowns away,
For this is a children's party
The Christ-Child holds today.

He holds His birthday party,
The Christ-Child today;
And all the world is welcome—
But half the world's away.
And oh! His Heart is lonely
And He, Who loves earth's least,
Is wistful for the lost children
Who comes not to His Feast.

He holds His Birthday Party
The Christ-Child, today;
And far from His dear comfort
Princes and herdsman stray.
Ah, blessed is he who, coming,
Can breathe at the manger-
throne:
"I have come to Thy Birthday Party
And I have not come alone."

NANKY POO

Copyright, St. Columban's F. M. Soc.

Anita Johnson, Los Angeles, Calif.

My mother is very ill. Will you please say a few prayers for her?

And now, everybody who reads this, say a tiny aspiration for Anita's mother and all the mothers and dads of all Columites, and for their brothers and dads in the service. "Sacred Heart of Jesus, please help them!"

CADETS FOR CHRIST

St. Columban's has a new booklet designed and written just for you. It is called "Cadets for Christ"—an invitation and a challenge to the youth of America to become cadet officers in Christ's army of missionaries.

The booklet is illustrated in color and provides much interesting and thought-inspiring reading. It has a message for you.

Order your copy today. Clip and mail this coupon with 10c and the booklet will be sent postpaid.

DEAR COLUM: I am enclosing 10c for my copy of your new booklet, "Cadets for Christ." Send it to:

Name

Address

City State.....

Mail to Colum, St. Columbans, Nebr.

At the Gate of Heaven

THE LETTERS tumbled out of the mailbag at St. Columbans, Nebr. Among them was an envelope from overseas, addressed to a seminarian soon to be ordained. The return address showed that John Francis Graham of the Air Force had written it. It was a letter to his old schoolmate, Ernest Speckhart . . . now Father Ernest Speckhart . . . a letter of congratulation on the approaching ordination. John Graham would love to be there, in the Cathedral in Buffalo on December 19, when his old comrade and twelve other students of St. Columban's Seminary would become priests. But a bombardier on active service in Europe could only send his good wishes, his prayers and his generous gift. And that's what he did.

Eight days before the ordination John Graham rode out through the cold sky on a dangerous mission. It was December 11, within the octave of the Feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception . . .

On that day he rode far beyond the skies of this world. "Killed in action," was the brief report. The young missionary was ordained in time to offer one of his first Masses for the schoolmate who had longed to kneel for his first priestly blessing.

READY

At such times you realize how grand it is to be always ready to die. How brave and alert and strong is the boy or girl who is ever prepared to meet Our Lord and His Mother and the saints and angels. . . . Thoughts like these came to Father Speckhart, as he read once more the speech that John Francis Graham, then a high school boy, gave during an assembly in St. Peter's High, Newark, N. J., in 1935.

GATE OF HEAVEN

The talk began with the prayer: "Mary, Gate of Heaven, pray for us!" Then the boy said:

"The most important moment in the short life of a man is the moment of his death, for on this moment depends eternity. . . . We can understand that in this supreme moment the devil, our lifelong enemy, redoubles his efforts to attain our downfall. . . . There is, however, one way of warding off the devil and

Mary
Conceived
without sin,
Pray
for
Us!

Mary Immaculate
Is Patroness
of the
United States



assuring ourselves of a happy death, and that is by the intercession of Mary. If we have been faithful to her through life, she will not forget us in death. The Blessed Virgin, by her intercession, and by banishing Satan at this moment, indeed becomes to us a gate of Heaven. . . . If we imitate her ideals during life, particularly abstinence from sin and resignation to the will of God, we can be sure that she will be beside us at the judgment seat of God.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death!"

MISSION MAN

While still an eighth-grader in St. John's, Dunellen, N. J., John Graham helped the missions, especially by getting his friends to subscribe to THE FAR EAST. When he went to work, he sent his first pay to the missions. Every time he got a raise in pay, he sent a donation. In the Army, he was a fearless, zealous Catholic.

After his death he was awarded a military decoration. But we like to think of the decorations awaiting him at the Gate of Heaven.

Louise Lauer, Los Angeles, Calif.

My mother is going to vote for President Roosevelt.

Apparently she did.

Mary Ann Cush, Los Angeles, Calif.

We had a very enjoyable time last Friday at our school, for it was our Pastor's feastday.

And a good Pastor deserves to have his feastday celebrated.

Carol Ann Roloff, Stillwater, Minn.

We have originated a club called the Don Bosco Club. We Boscoites of the sixth grade are fighting the Boscoites of the fifth grade.

The Church is Militant in Stillwater.

Mary Ann Bieter, St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Colum, tell me, what's your name?

I've scratched my head, I've racked my brain.

I've gotten clues but they don't jell, And Father Golon just won't tell. Maybe because he's It.



BURNING HER UP

The teacher was instructing her class in memory training.

"Suppose," she said, "you want to remember the name Robert Burns. Picture in your mind the scene of a man named Robert in a burning house. Understand? Robert—Burns."

Bright boy: "Yes, but how do we know it doesn't represent Robert Browning?"

INDIFFERENT

"Does my practicing make you nervous?" asked the saxophone player.

"It did when I first heard the neighbors talking about it," said the man next door. "But now I don't care what happens to you."

BY THE POUND

A stout man got on a street-car and sat down beside a very skinny man, squeezing him against the window.

"They ought to charge by weight," grumbled the thin man.

The fat man looked at him and said: "In that case it wouldn't be worth their while stopping to pick you up."

CAN YOU TOP IT?

Irishman: "From what country do you come?"

Englishman: "The greatest country in the world."

Irishman: "Poor fellow, you've lost your brogue."

IN HIS STRIDE

Man on train: "My, it's a long time since I've been to Boston."

Fellow passenger: "But this train isn't going to Boston. It's going to Washington."

Man on train: "I know, but these days you can't be fussy."

SLAP HAPPY

She had just been introduced to a crystal-gazer.

"How does he strike you?" asked a friend.

"I don't know," she replied. "But I'd like to strike him; I've always wanted to strike a happy medium."

ADVANCE NOTICE

Neighbor: "So, Mr. Jones is not in. Well, will you tell him I called?"

Maid: "Yes, sir. And what shall I say you wanted to borrow."

AND PRAY

Lady Passenger: "You are driving too fast when you come to the corners. You scare me."

Taxi Driver: "Do what I do when we come to a corner, lady—shut your eyes."

EASY LIVING

The class was asked to write an essay on what they would do if they had a million dollars. Billy handed in a blank sheet of paper.

"Explain yourself, Billy," said the teacher. "Everyone else has handed in two pages and you have done nothing."

"Well," replied Billy, "that's what I would do if I had a million dollars."

D.D. AND M.D.

Two brothers, one a preacher and one a doctor, looked very much alike. A kind old lady met the doctor one day and said:

"You preached a fine sermon on Sunday," to which the doctor replied:

"I am not the brother who preaches; I am the one who practices."

WHY BOTHER

The new maid had one fault; she refused to answer the telephone when it rang.

"You must answer the telephone, Dora," insisted her employer.

"Yes'm," replied the maid, "but it seems sort of silly. Nine times out of ten it's for you."

SAFETY FIRST

The oral examination of candidates for the police force was in progress.

"Now, if you were alone in a police car and were pursued by a gang of criminals in another car going sixty miles an hour along a lonely road, what would you do?"

"Eighty," came the ready reply.

SAME DIFFERENCE

Mary: "My Bill is an efficiency expert for a big firm."

Marie: "What are his duties?"

Mary: "Well, when we women do it, they call it nagging."

READY TO SERVE

City Visitor: "Why are you running that steam roller over your field?"

Smart Farmer: "I'm going to raise mashed potatoes this year."

SIGN OF THE TIMES

Old Lady: "Little boy, would you like to go for a ride on the merry-go-round?"

Modern Child: "I don't mind, if it will amuse you."

CHILD PRODIGY

Mother (giving her son an arithmetic lesson): "Now there's you and I and your daddy and the baby. How many does that make?"

Bright Son: "Three and one to carry."

CHANGE OF OUTLOOK

"Twenty years ago, I hoped to send my name thundering down the ages."

"Now what do you hope for?"

"Well, if I can cause a bit of a rumble for a day or so, I shall be highly gratified."

SURE SIGN

Judge: "Are you sure this man was drunk?"

Officer: "When I see a man carrying home a manhole cover to play on his victrola, I call him drunk!"

STREAMLINED

Smith: "Say, Bill, can you recommend that boy who used to work for you? Is he steady?"

Bill: "Sure. In fact, if he was any steadier, he'd be motionless."

FISH STORY

A patient in the insane ward sat fishing over a flower bed. A visitor wishing to be friendly walked up and said, "How many have you caught today?"

"You're the tenth," replied the fisherman.

THIS WAY, PLEASE

Dentist: "Now, then, which tooth is giving you all the trouble?"

Movie Usher: "Second from the left in the balcony."

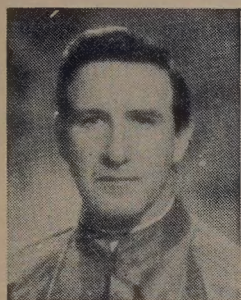
SLOW MOTION

Stationmaster: "Another farmer is suing us because of his cows."

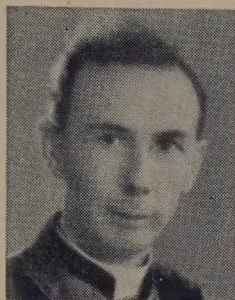
Clerk: "Did one of our trains kill some of his cows?"

Stationmaster: "No, this one says our trains go past so slowly that the passengers lean out of the windows and milk his cows."

THE FAR EAST is published by
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 ST. COLUMBANS, NEBRASKA



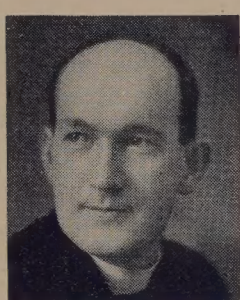
Bishop Edward J. Galvin, Vicar Apostolic of Han-yang. His mission is almost as large as Massachusetts.



Bishop Patrick Cleary, Vicar Apostolic of Nan-cheng; Catholic population doubled in 16 years.



Msgr. Patrick Usher, Prefect Apostolic of Bhamo, Burma. His missionaries learn 3 languages.



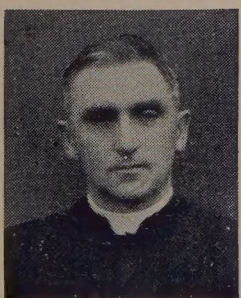
Msgr. Thomas Quinlan, superior in Shunsen, Korea. He has 8 native Korean priests working with him.



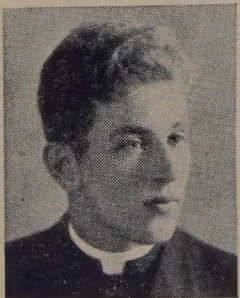
Msgr. Owen McPolin, superior in Kwoshu, Korea, where his priests have averaged 500 converts a year.



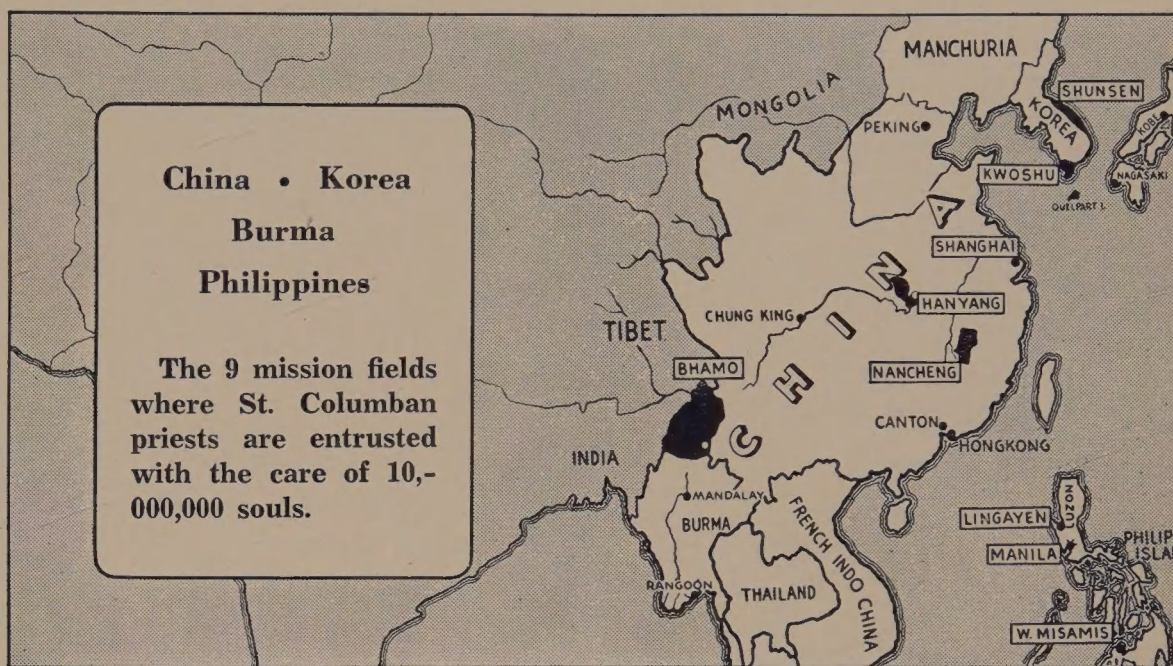
Very Rev. William S. McGoldrick, Director of St. Columban's in Asia. He is interned in Shanghai.



Rev. John Henaghan, superior of St. Columban's in the Philippines. He is a monthly contributor to THE FAR EAST.



Rev. William G. Hennessey, St. Columban superior on Mindanao, P.I. At present he is a refugee in the hills.



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Seminaries — St. Columbans, Nebr., Silver Creek, N. Y., and Bristol, R. I.

Mission Houses — 1017 Elden Ave., Los Angeles; 2444 Congress St., North San Diego, Calif.; St. Columban's, Perryville, Maryland; 287 Route Maresca, Shanghai.

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Legal Title — St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society, incorporated in Nebraska, New York, Rhode Island and California.

Form of Bequest—I hereby give and bequeath to St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Nebraska, the sum of \$..... for the purposes of the said Society as specified in the articles of incorporation.

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